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2.
Illuminated

by

Wen Jones



The Song of

Songs

which is

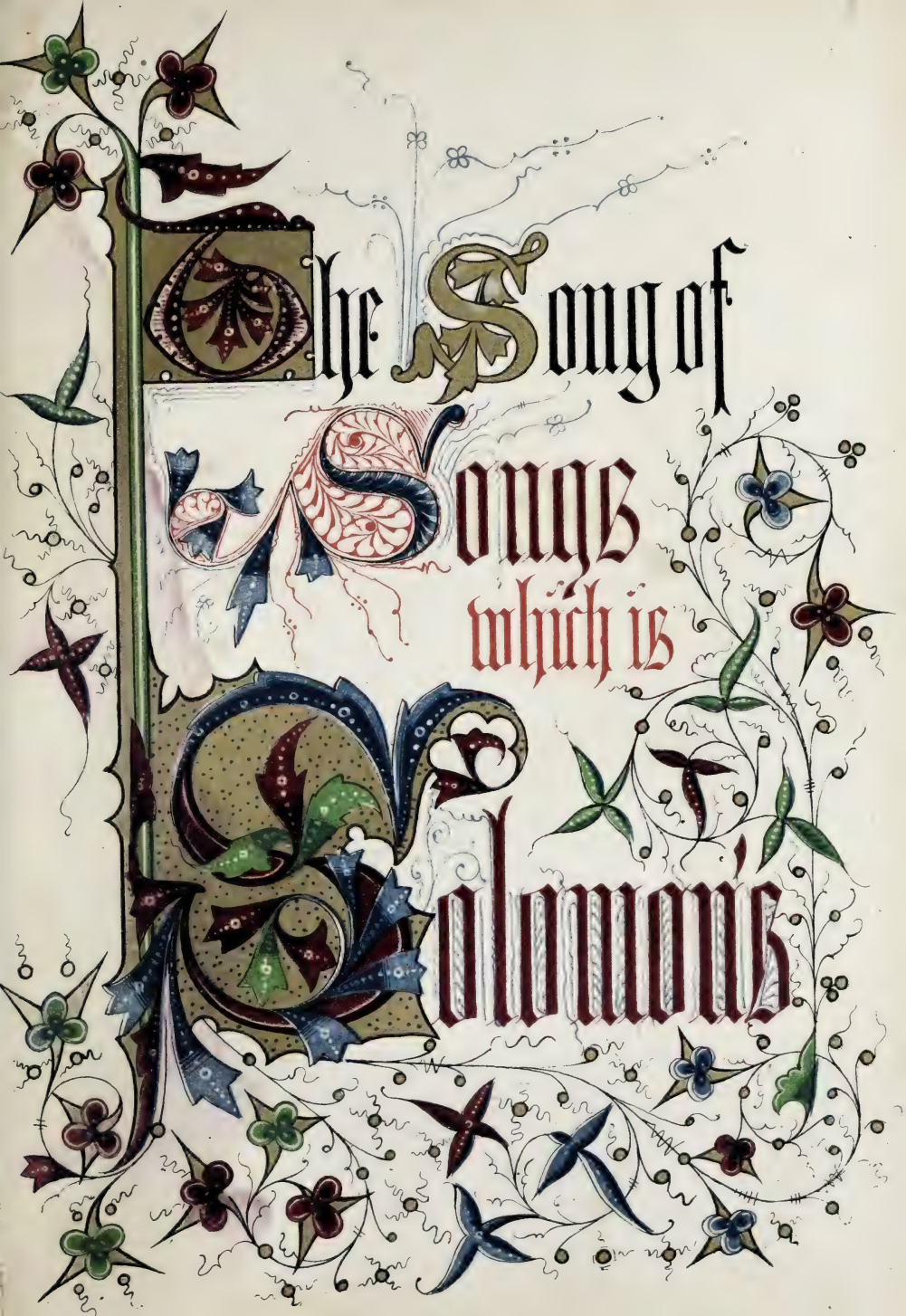
Solomon's

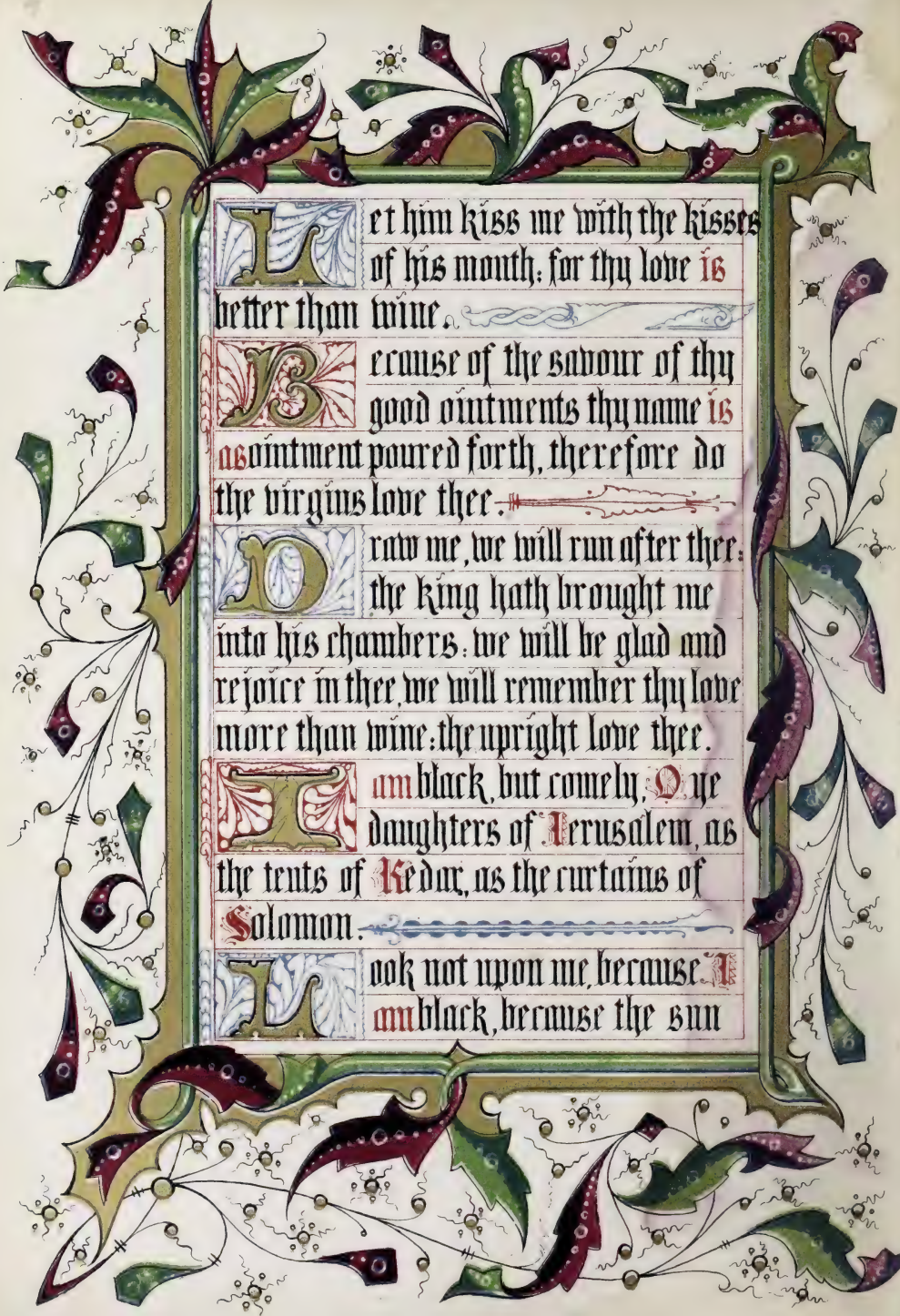


Illuminated

by

Jen Jones





Let him kiss me with the kisses
of his mouth: for thy love is
better than wine.

Because of the savour of thy
good ointments thy name is
anointment poured forth, therefore do
the virgins love thee.

When we saw thee, we will run after thee:
the king hath brought me
into his chambers: we will be glad and
rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love
more than wine: the upright love thee.

I am black, but comely, O ye
daughters of Jerusalem, as
the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of
Solomon.

Look not upon me, because I
am black, because the sun

hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me keeper of the vineyards, **but** mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, **O** thou whom my soul loveth, where thou ferdest, where thou makest **thy flock** to rest at noon, for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

If thou know not, **O** thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tents.

I have compared thee, **O** my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

Thy cheeks are comely with rows of **jewels** thy neck with

chains of gold

We will make thee borders of
gold with studs of silver.
While the king sitteth at his table,
my spike nard sendeth forth the
smell thereof.

A bundle of myrrh **is** my wellbe-
loved unto me; he shall lie all night
betwixt my breasts.

My beloved **is** unto me **as** a cluster
of camphire in the vineyards
of En-gedi.

Behold, thou **art** fair, my love; be-
hold, thou **art** fair; thou **hast**
dove's' eyes.

Behold, thou **art** fair, my beloved,
yea, pleasant: also our bed **is**
green.


7
The beams of our house are of
cedar and our rafters of fir

in the robe of

Sharon

and the lily of the
valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so is
my love among the daughters.



As the apple tree among the
trees of the wood, so **is** my belo-
ved among the sons. **I** sat down under his
shadow with great delight and his fruit **was**
sweet to my taste.

We brought me to the banquetting
house, and his banner over me
was love.

Stay me with flagons, comfort
me with apples: for **I** am sick
of love.

His left hand **is** under my head, and
his right hand doth embrace me.

Charge you, **O** ye daughters of
Jerusalem, by the roes, and by
the hinds of the field that ye stir not up, nor
awake **my** love till he please


He voice of my beloved !
behold, he cometh leaping
upon the mountains, skipping upon the
hills.

He beloved is like a roe or a
young hart : behold, he
standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth
at the windows, shewing himself through
the lattice.

He beloved spake, and said unto
me, **R**ise up, my love, my fair
one and come away.

Now, lo, the winter is past, the
rain is over **and** gone;

Now the flowers appear on the earth,
the time of the singing of **birds**
is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard
in our land;



The fig tree putteth forth her
green figs, and the vines **with**
the tender grape give a **good** smell. **Arise**
my love, my fair one, and come away.

O my dove, **that art** in the clefts
of the rock, in the secret **places**
of the stairs, let me see thy countenance,
let me hear thy voice; for sweet **is** thy
voice, and thy countenance **is** comely.

Take us the foxes, the little
foxes, that spoil the vines: for
our vines **have** tender grapes.

Thy beloved **is** mine, and **I am**
his: he feedeth among the lilies
Until the day break, and the
shadows flee away, turn, my
beloved and be thou like a roe or a young
hart upon the mountains of **Bether**.



NIGHT

on my bed

I sought him whom
my soul loveth.

I sought him
but I found him not.

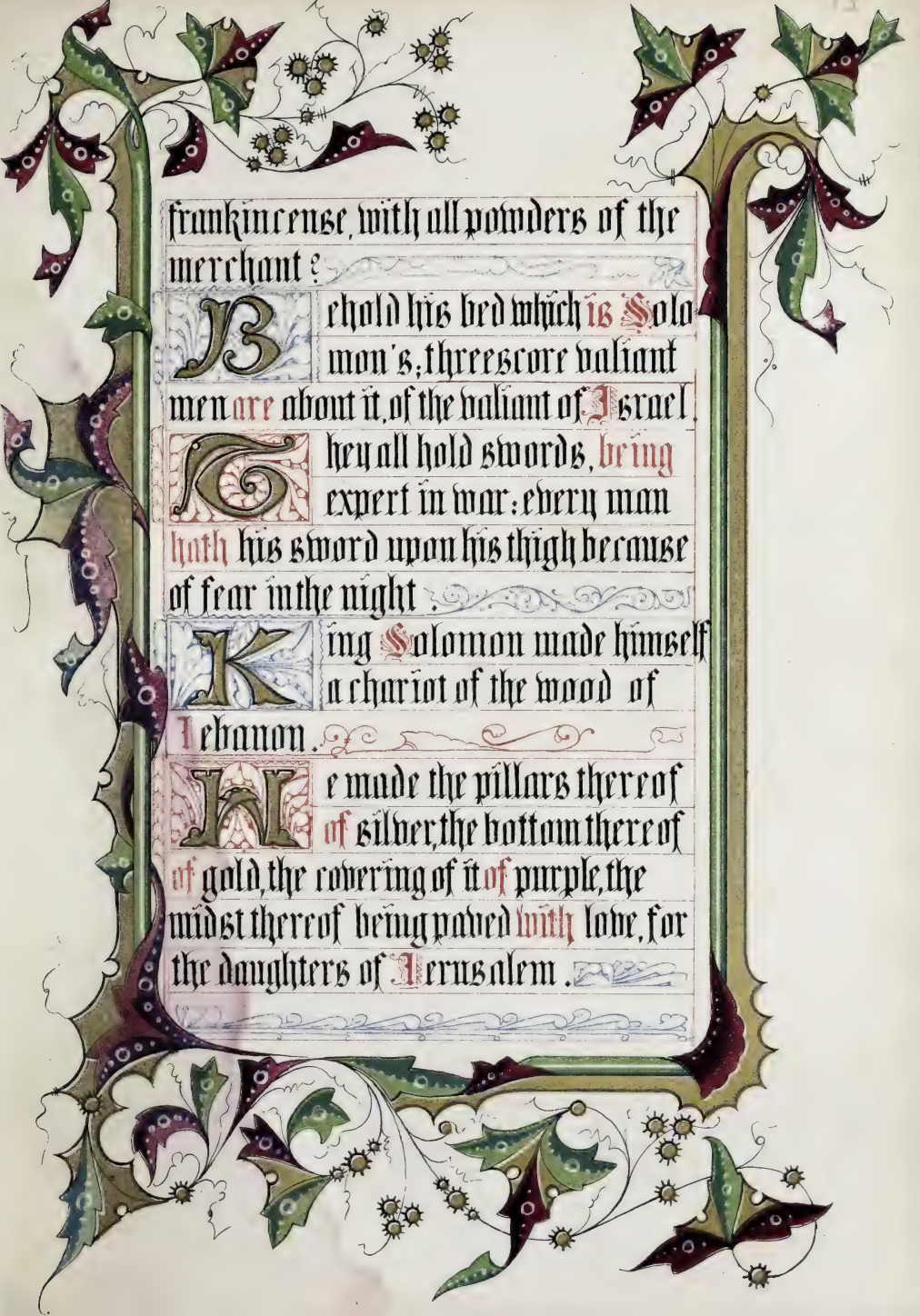
I will rise now, and go about
the city in the streets and in
the broad ways. I will seek him whom
my soul loveth. I sought him, but I found
him not.

12
He watchmen that go about
the city found me: **to whom**
I said, **S**ave ye him whom my soul
loveth:

I was but a little that **I** passed
from them, but **I** found him
whom my soul loveth. **I** held him, and
would not let him go, until **I** had
brought him into my mother's house,
and into the chamber of her that con-
ceived me:

I charge you, **O** ye daughters
of **J**erusalem, by the roes, and
by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not
up, nor awake **my** love, till he please.

Who **is** this that cometh out of
the wilderness like pillars
of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and



frankincense, with all powders of the
merchant :

Behold his bed which is Solo
mon's, threescore valiant
men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.

They all hold swords, bring
expert in war: every man
hath his sword upon his thigh because
of fear in the night.


King Solomon made himself
a chariot of the wood of
Lebanon.

He made the pillars thereof
of silver, the bottom thereof
of gold, the covering of it of purple, the
midst thereof being paved with labe, for
the daughters of Jerusalem.

14
Come forth, ye daughters of
Zion, and behold king Solo-
mon with the crown where with his
mother crowned him in the day of his
espousals, and in the day of the glad-
ness of his heart.

Behold thou art fair,
my love, behold thou
art fair; thou hast

doves' eyes within thy locks thy hair
is as a flock of goats that appear
from mount **G**ilead




Thy teeth **are** like a flock of
sheep that are even shorn
which came up from the washing, where
of every one bear twins, and none **is** bar-
ren among them.

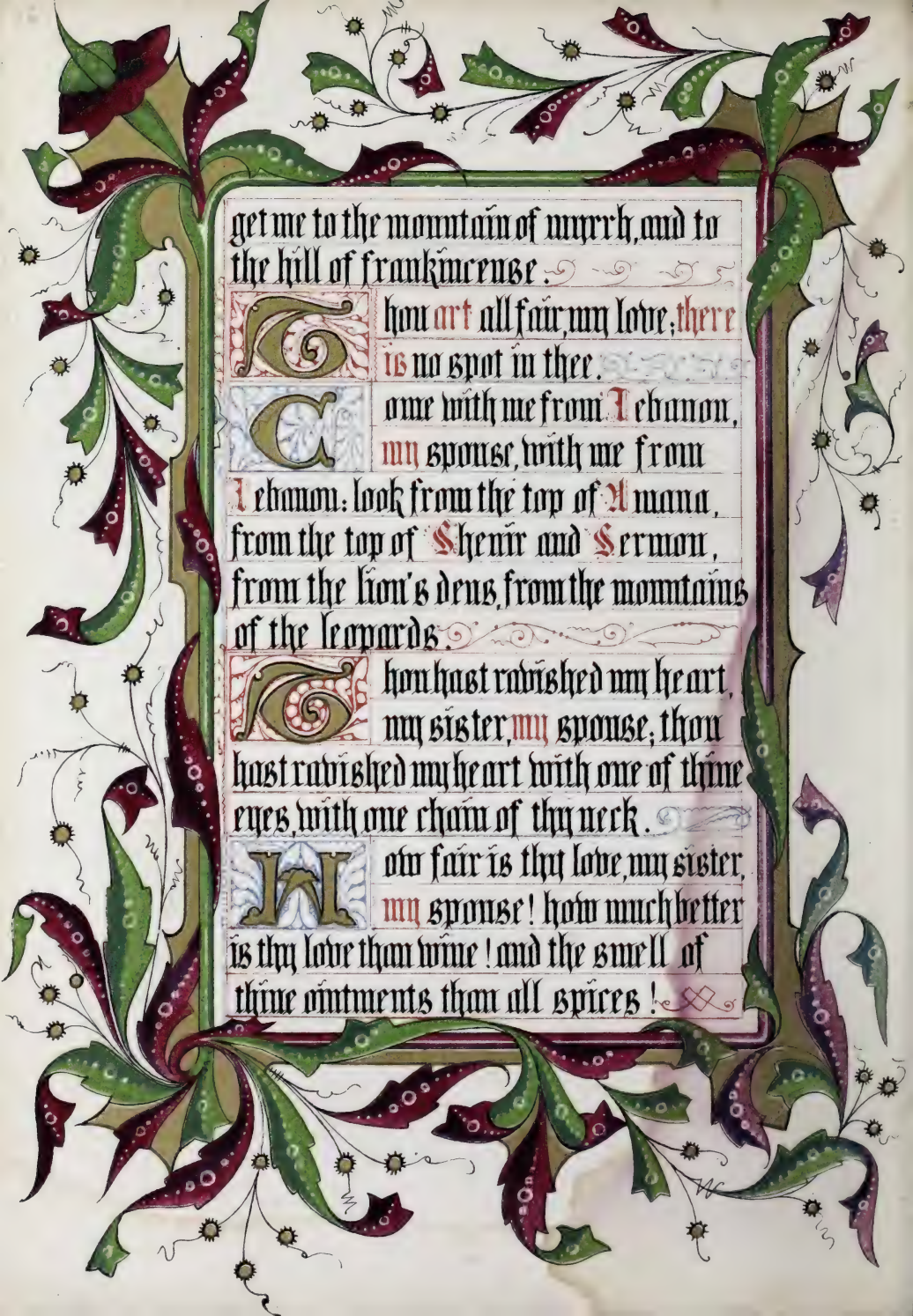
Thy lips **are** like a thread of
scarlet, and thy speech is
comely: thy temples **are** like a piece of a
pomegranate within thy locks.

Thy neck **is** like the tower of
David builded for an armoury,
whereon there hang a thousand bucklers
all shields of mighty men.

Thy two breasts **are** like two
nourishing roes that are twins,
which feed among the lilies.

Until the day break, and the
shadows flee away, **I** will





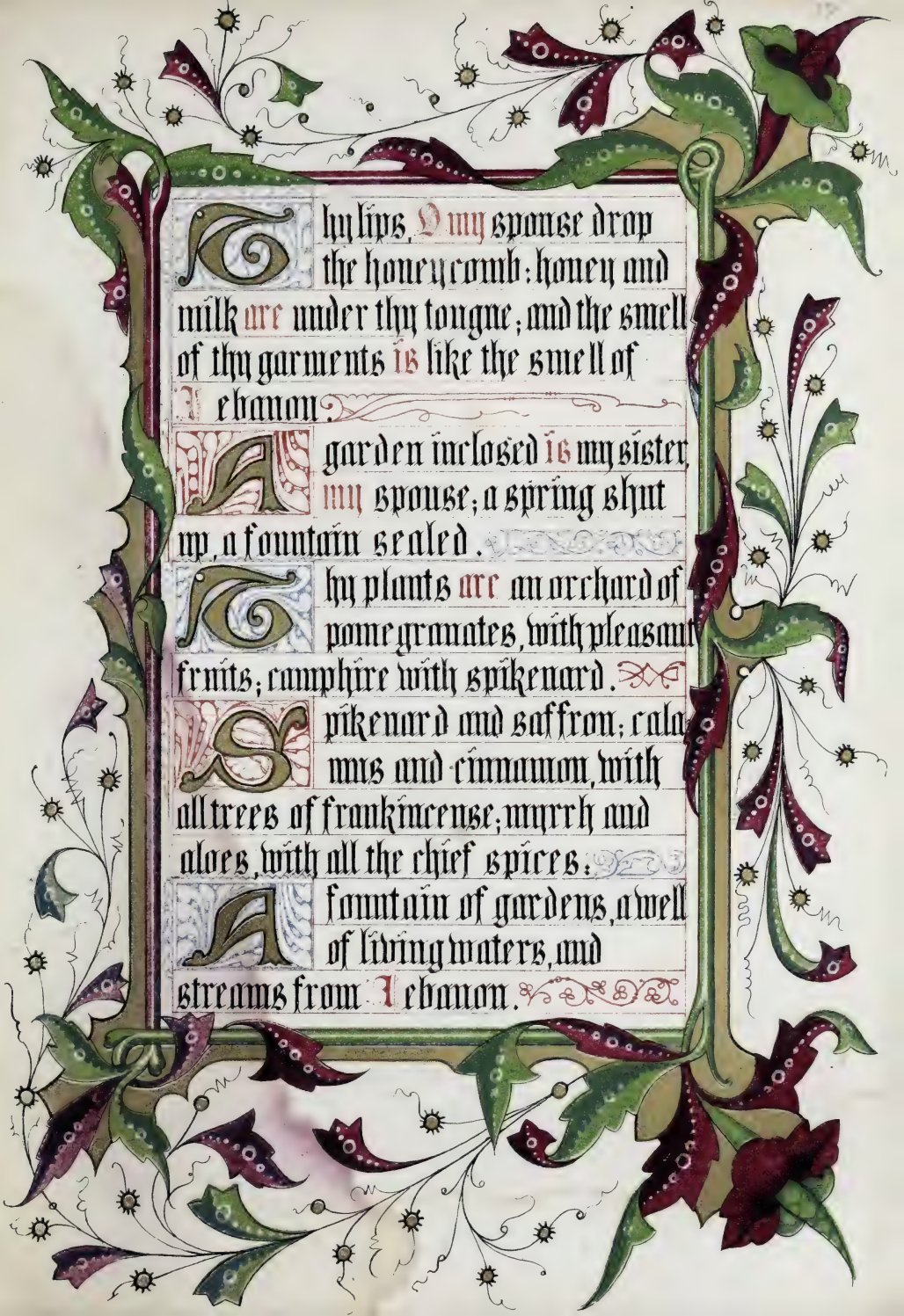
get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to
the hill of frankincense.

Thou art all fair, my love; there
is no spot in thee.

Come with me from Lebanon,
my spouse, with me from
Lebanon: look from the top of Amanah,
from the top of Shenir and Sermon,
from the lion's dens, from the mountains
of the leopards.

Thou hast ravished my heart,
my sister, my spouse; thou
hast ravished my heart with one of thine
eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

How fair is thy love, my sister,
my spouse! how much better
is thy love than wine! and the smell of
thine ointments than all spices!



Hylips, **M**y spouse drop
the honeycomb: honey and
milk **are** under thy tongue; and the smell
of thy garments **is** like the smell of
Lebanon.

A garden inclosed **is** my sister,
my spouse; a spring shut
up, a fountain sealed.

Hy plants **are** an orchard of
pomegranates, with pleasant
fruits; camphire with spikenard.

Spikenard and saffron; cala-
mus and cinnamon, with
all trees of frankincense; myrrh and
aloes, with all the chief spices:

A fountain of gardens, a well
of living waters, and
streams from **L**ebanon.

Awake, **N**orth wind; and come,
thou south: blow upon my gar-
den, **that** the spices thereof may flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden,
and eat his pleasant fruits.

I will come into my gar-
den, my sister, **my** spouse: **I**
have gathered my myrrh with
my spice; **I** have eaten my honey-
comb with my honey; **I** have
drunk my wine with my milk.

eat, **O** friends, drink, yea, drink
abundantly, **O** beloved. 13

I sleep, but my heart waketh, **it**
is the voice of my beloved
that knocketh, **saying** Open to me, my sister,
my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my
head is filled with dew, **and** my looks with
the drops of the night.

I have put off my coat; how
shall **I** put it on? **I** have
washed my feet; how shall **I** defile them?

Why beloved put in his hand by
the hole **of the door** and my
bowels were moved for him.

I rose up to open to my beloved,
and my hands dropped **with**


myrrh, and my fingers **with** sweet smelling
myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

I opened to my beloved; but my
beloved had withdrawn him-
self, **and** was gone: my soul failed when he
spake: **I** sought him, but **I** could not find
him; **I** called him, but he gave me no answer.

When the watchmen that went about
the city found me, they smote
me, they wounded me; the keepers of the
walls took away my veil from me.

I charge you, **O** daughters of
Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved
that ye tell him, that **I** am sick of love.

What is thy beloved more than
another beloved, **O** thou fairest
among women? what **is** thy beloved more
than **another** beloved, that thou dost so charge us?




Unbelovéd is white and ruddy,
the chiefest among ten thousand.
his head is as the most fine gold his
locks are bushy, and black as a
raven.

His eyes are as the eyes of doves
by the rivers of waters, washed
with milk, and fitly set.

His cheeks are as a bed of spices
as sweet flowers: his lips like
lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

His hands are as gold rings set
with the beryl: his belly is as
bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.


His legs are as pillars of marble,
set upon sockets of fine gold: his
countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the
cedars.



His mouth **is** most sweet: yea,
he **is** altogether lovely. **T**his
is my beloved, and this **is** my friend. **O** ye
daughters of **J**erusalem.

Whither **is**
thy beloved gone,

O thou fairest among women?
whither **is** thy beloved turn-
ed aside? that we may seek
him with thee.



Why beloved is gone down into his
garden, to the beds of spices, to
feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

I am my beloved's, and my beloved
is mine: he set death among the
lilies.

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as
Sisrah, comely as Jerusalem,
terrible as an army with banners.

Turn away thine eyes from me for
they have overcome me: thy hair is
as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep
which go up from the washing,
whereof everyone beareth twins, and there is not
one barren among them.

As a piece of a pomegranate are
thy temples within thy locks.

Where are threescore queens, and
fourscore concubines and virgins
without number.

Why doth my undefiled is **but** one;
she **is** the **only** one of her mother;
she **is** the choise **one** of her that bare her. **T**he
daughters saw her and blessed her; **yea**, the
queens and the concubines, and they praised
her.

Who **is** she **that** looketh forth as the
morning, fair as the moon, clear
as the sun, **and** terrible as **an army** with
banners?

She went down into the garden of
nuts to see the fruits of the val-
ley, **and** to see whether the vine flourished,
and the pomegranates budded.


Or ever I was aware, my soul
made me like the chariots of

Amminadib.

Return, return, O Shulamite;
return, return, that we may look
upon thee. What will we see in the Shulam-
ite? As it were the company of two armies.

Ow beautiful are
thy feet with shoes.

O prince's daughter! the joints of
thy thighs are like jewels the work
of the hands of a cunning workman.



Thy navel **is like** a round goblet,
which wanteth not liquor: thy
belly **is like** an heap of wheat set about with
lilies.

Thy two breasts **are like** two
young roes **that are** twins.

Thy neck **is** as a tower of ivory;
thine eyes **like** the fishpools in
Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy
nose **is** as the tower of Lebanon which
looketh toward Damascus.

Thine head upon thee **is like** Car-
mel, and the hair of thine head like
purple; the king **is** held in the galleries.

Who fair and how pleasant art
thou, O lone for delights!

This thy stature **is like** to a palm
tree, and thy breasts to clusters

of grapes

I said **I** will go up to the palm tree
I will take hold of the boughs
thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as
clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy
nose like apples;

And the roof of thy mouth like the
best wine for my beloved that
goeth **down** sweetly, causing the lips of those
that are asleep to speak.

I am my beloved's, and his desire
is toward me.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth
into the field; let us lodge in the
villages.

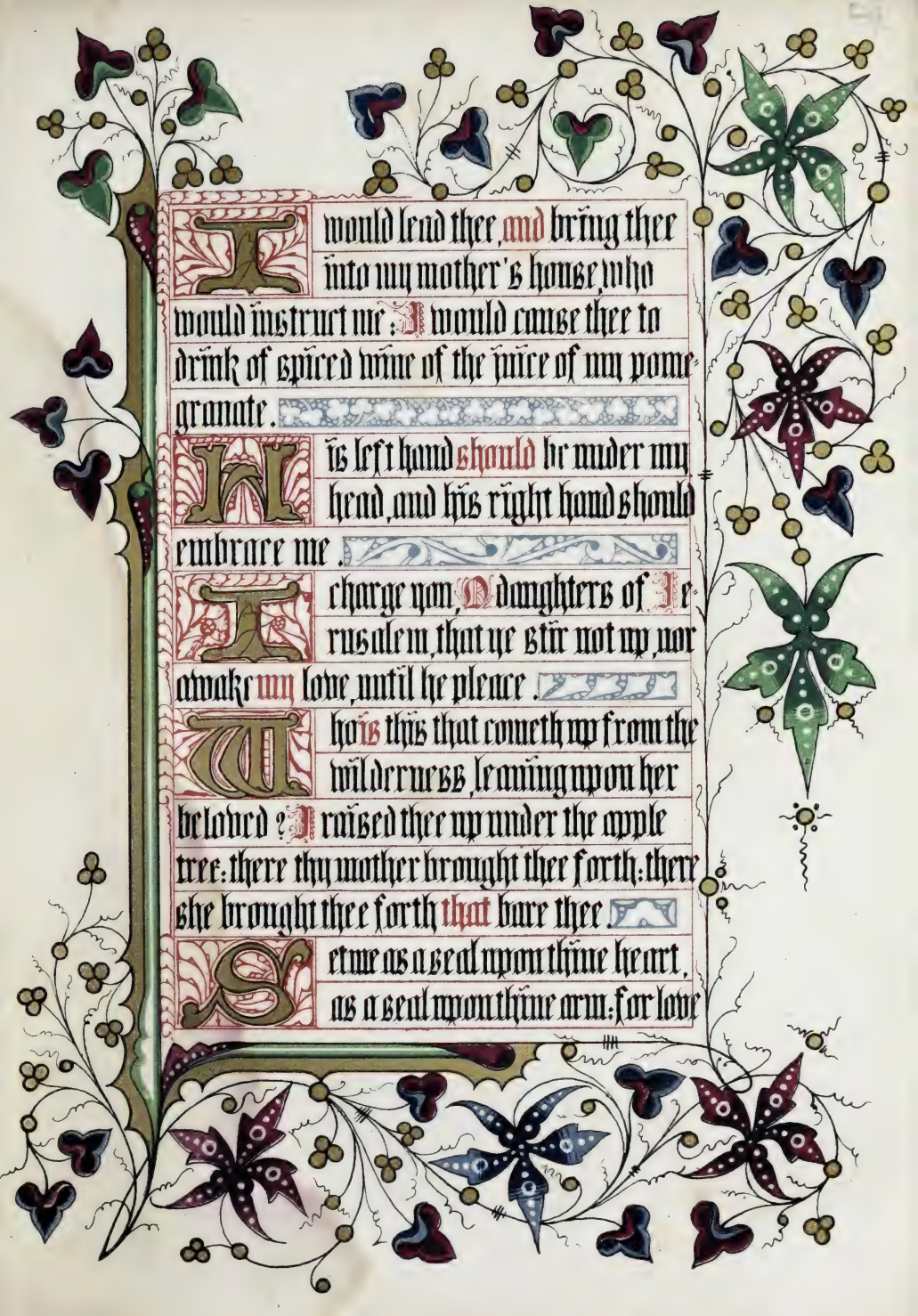
Let us get up early to the vineyards;
let us see if the vine flourish,
whether the tender grape appear, **and** the



pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee
my loves .

The mandrakes give a smell, and
at our gates are all manner of
pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have
laid up for thee, O my beloved .

That thou wert as
my brother that sucked
the breasts of my mother: when I should
find thee without I would kiss thee:
yea, I should not be despised .



I would lead thee, **and** bring thee
into my mother's house, who
would instruct me: **I** would cause thee to
drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pome-
granate.

Whis left hand **should** be under my
head, and his right hand should
embrace me.

I charge you, **O** daughters of **J**e-
rusalem, that ye stir not up, nor
awake my love, until he please.

Who is this that cometh up from the
wilderness, leaning upon her
beloved? **I** raised thee up under the apple
tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there
she brought thee forth **that** bare thee.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
as a seal upon thine arm: for love

Is strong as death, jealousy **i**s cruel as the
grave: the coals thereof **a**re coals of fire **w**hich
hath almost vehement flame.

Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can the floods drown it: if a
man would give all the substance of his house
for love, it would utterly be contemned.

We have a little sister, and she hath
no breasts: what shall we do for
our sister in the day when she shall be spoken
for?

If she **b**e a wall, we will build upon
her a palace of silver: and if she **b**e
a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

I**a**m a wall, and my breasts like
towers: then was **I** in his eyes
as one that found favour.

Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-
haimon; he let out the vineyard
unto keepers, every one for the fruit thereof
was to bring a thousand **pices** of silver.

The vineyard, which **is** mine, **is** be-
fore me: thou **O**, Solomon, **must**
have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit
thereof two hundred.

Thou that dwellest in the gardens,
the companions hearken to thy
voice: cause me to hear **it**.

Make haste, my beloved, and be
thou like to a roe or to a young
hart upon the mountains of spices.

















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